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NMAH

# *Boston & Maine* Railroad Men

MARCH-APRIL, 1916

I am asked to express an opinion on the work of the Railroad Young Men's Christian Association in general and on the lines of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railway Company in particular, and am glad of an opportunity to do so.

The work of the Railroad Young Men's Christian Association cannot fail to be a help to every man employed by the railroad who cares to lead a decent, cleanly life, whether his tendencies are religious or otherwise. He is given religious opportunities and religious instruction but (at least in late years) religion is not forced on him and he may take advantage of all the home comforts which the Railroad Y. M. C. A. rooms afford at the minimum of cost and without feeling under obligation.

It is coming to be more thoroughly understood that there is a very close connection between a wholesome and healthy private life and proper attention to business while on duty. A man who spends his "off" hours among dirty and disreputable surroundings cannot measure up to what is expected of him when in charge of a train, or a section gang, or as a brakeman—nor is such a man as likely to be selected for promotion because his associations are bound to affect his character, his conversation and his actions.

There are many places where the railroad employees are in the majority, but where the other interests of the town need a rallying place and a meeting room, and it is often wise that the railroad men and the townspeople should meet and mix with each other, since all are citizens having common interest in the public welfare. Albuquerque seems to be such a place—the largest individual interest in the city is the railroad and the Association membership will doubtless be composed mainly of Santa Fé employees; but there will be considerable outside membership which could do but little toward supporting a separate Association but which will be greatly benefited.

The city of Albuquerque has what I consider one of the most beautiful groups of railroad buildings in the world, and I am told that the new Y. M. C. A. building is in keeping with, and worthy of, its neighborhood. It is my hope that the influences radiating from it may be for good and that the citizens may come to look on it with pride and point to it as being as much a model in its management as is The Alvarado across the way.

E. P. RIPLEY,  
*President Santa Fé Railway.*

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE BOSTON & MAINE  
RAILROAD DEPARTMENT, YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION  
CONCORD, N. H.



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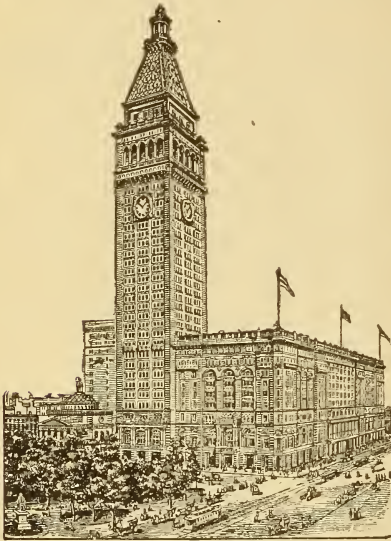
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# BOSTON & MAINE

# ... RAILROAD MEN ...

Vol. XX

MARCH=APRIL, 1916

No. 3

## Modern Transportation.

Picture a great manufacturing plant spread out over many miles of territory, with hundreds of offices as the foci of its activities and with its machinery, not concentrated, but distributed and operating over a large expanse of country.

Think of the parts of this plant as being united and their operation directed and coördinated by a system of thousands of miles of telephone and telegraph wires. Think of the task of directing by such means the labor and intelligence of nearly 36,000 persons, as widely dispersed as the machinery.

Imagine the problem of operating under such conditions the machinery of this plant—its cars, locomotives and repair shops—so that it may work as smoothly and harmoniously as the ordinary manufacturing establishment. And think of the task of trying to satisfy more than 300,000 daily purchasers of the product of such a plant—transportation.

To visualize such an industrial organization is to visualize a railroad system like that of the New York, New Haven and Hartford, including the Central New England.

The physical contour of the transportation plant is made up largely of its rails, ties, bridges, roadbed, stations, engines and cars.

The rails of the New Haven system represent 600,969 tons of steel, which

amount would make 22 United States battleships like the Nevada, and represents 70,000 more tons of steel than is in all the United States battleships.

It would build eight steel bridges like the Queensboro Bridge in New York.

It would take a 400-ton blast furnace working five years, five months and twenty-five days to produce the iron necessary for this quantity of steel rail.

It would take a 1500-ton rail mill 400 days to roll this amount of rail.

The rails of this railroad would stretch 9,867 miles, 39 per cent. of the distance around the earth at the equator.

In this railroad there are approximately 14,000,000 ties.

It would take 45,800 acres of timber land of the average found in Connecticut 10 years to produce this amount of lumber.

These ties would stretch 20,783 miles, or 83 per cent. of the distance around the earth at the equator.

There are approximately 2,850 ties under every mile of main track and 2,600 under every mile of side track.

To fasten the rails of this railroad to the ties requires 16,250 tons of spikes.

This railroad system has 2,223 bridges, of which 1,324 are of steel.

These bridges, placed end to end, would extend 31 miles.

This railroad system has 1,300 circuit miles of telephone lines.

It has 6,675 miles of telegraph wires, 1,903 telephones, and 650 telegraph offices.

The daily average of telephone calls answered by its switchboard operators is 40,000.

The New Haven Railroad system has 37,241 freight cars.

It has 2,435 passenger cars, 1,282 steam locomotives, and 103 electric locomotives.

Its freight cars on an average travel 673,685 miles a day, 28,070 miles an hour.

Its passenger cars travel 229,546 miles in a day, 9,564 miles in an hour.

Its locomotives travel 91,066 miles in a day, 3,794 miles in an hour.

To supply its locomotives with coal for a year costs \$5,688,755.

To supply its locomotives with water for a year costs \$337,067.

To keep its locomotives properly oiled for a year costs \$89,573.

This railroad has 538 miles of track electrified.

It has 1,073 miles of electric feed wires, and 1,300 steel bridges supporting the same.

This railroad system has 964 stations and 771 station agents selling an average of 271,000 tickets a day and furnishes transportation, roughly speaking, to about 300,000 persons a day.

To keep its rails, ties and roadbed in proper condition requires 4,661 men.

To patrol its lines and watch its property of all kinds in four states requires 931 watchmen.

To man its towers and operate its signals requires 523 men, and to operate its repair shops requires 7,511 men.

To perform its clerical work requires 4,628 men and women.

It has 1,326 engineers, 1,322 firemen, 1,100 conductors, and 2,531 brakemen.

To handle passengers' baggage it employs 649 baggagemen.

To operate its track switches it has 125 switchmen.

It employs altogether approximately 36,000 persons, whose annual wages approximate \$30,540,217.

It makes out in a day an average of 18,600 freight way-bills, representing 35,000 freight bills, or 45,000 separate freight items.

On its dining cars it serves an average of 1,300 meals a day and feeds upwards of 450,000 people a year.

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### Thrift.

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Do you know?

That 66 out of every 100 people in the United States who die leave no estate whatever?

That out of the remaining 34 only nine leave an estate larger than \$5,000?

That the average of the balance of 25 is a little less than \$1,300?

That at the age of 65, 97 out of every 100 in America are partly or wholly dependent upon their relatives, friends or the public for their daily bread, for their clothing, and a roof under which they can sleep?

That 98 per cent. of the American people are living from day to day on their wages and a loss of employment would mean pauperism for all but 2 per cent.?

That in every nine cases out of ten it is because they do not seek to improve their conditions by saving?

These facts should certainly be sufficient to stir every one who thinks at all to begin saving when young, even though the amount saved may be small.  
—J. R. Pepper, Memphis, Tenn., in Association Men.

## Air Brakes.

What is an air brake?

What are the four principal parts to the air brake under a car?

How much pressure should we have in brake pipe when examining for leaks?

How much of a reduction should be made when testing brakes?

Should slack be stretched before examining for leaks, and why?

What parts of the train should be examined when testing brakes?

What other time should the brake be tested?

What should be done if it becomes necessary to do any work on the air brake of a car?

What should be done after this work is completed?

Instead of delaying a train waiting for an inspector's report of the condition of the brakes, when should the conductor get this information?

Should the inspector always notify the engineer first?

What causes the piston to return to release position when the air is released from the brake cylinder?

If a train makes a rough stop, what should the conductor do?

What must be done to the brake pipe pressure to set the brake?

To release the brake?

What is the duty of the triple valve?

Where is the air kept ready for use under the car?

How does the air get into the auxiliary reservoir?

What should be done with a kicker?

What is your method of finding this?

What should be done after a kicker is located?

How does the handle of the cut-out cock stand in cross-over pipe when the brake is cut in?

## Steam Heating.

How would you start to heat a train at a point where a locomotive is used for the purpose?

Is it a good plan to separate the hose three or four cars back of the engine to get the water out of the system?

At what point should we always start to heat a train?

At what point in the train would you start to blow out the steam heat system?

If picking up cars on rear end how can we get steam into them quickly? On the head-end?

Who should regulate the automatic bleed valves?

What is the maximum pressure to be carried on the steam heat system?

If a car in a train is frozen up at an interchange point and is accepted, who is responsible for the damage that results?

If this car has bursted pipes, who must make repairs and pay all charges?

What should we do to save this unnecessary expense to the B. & M. R. R.?

What temperature should be maintained in cars?

Who is responsible for the steam heat apparatus in Pullman cars?

In mail cars?

How many blasts of the air whistle indicate increase steam heat when running?

If you wanted to know what system of heat a Pullman car had, where could you get this information?

How do you remove the steam hose gaskets?

Who should we report steam heat defects to?

At a non-heating station how should cars be left to prevent freezing?

### A Fortunate Mistake.

The postmaster at Saltpeter Canyon took his feet down from the counter and lounged over to the little pigeon-holed box where the letters were distributed. The door opened and a man strode in and pressed a bronzed face close to the stamp window.

"Howdy! Any mail for the Lone Bull?" he asked.

Simeón Carter reached down a package of letters and thumbed them over deliberately. Occasionally he paused to expectorate over his shoulder, improving each opportunity by indulging in a prolonged stare at the face in the window. Presently his curiosity found utterance. "Seems like I've seen you before," he hinted.

"Where?" asked the other with disconcerting promptness.

"I—I don't remember," admitted Simeon sheepishly, and then gruffly: "I don't know as I'm inclined to give the Lone Bull mail to anybody that comes along."

"I hope you don't feel that way," said the other cheerfully, "but I guess you had better give it to me. I've got Boss Clintock's order somewhere about me, but I reckon my face is order enough to get the mail from a little two by four cracker box like this."

"Young feller, that face of yours will be your passport to a much hotter place than Saltpeter Canyon," grunted Simeon, as he leaned an elbow on the window ledge. "To get down to business, here's a letter for Theodore Crane, a hull bunch for the boss, a paper for Jim Lewis, and, let me see, there's a postal card for Harry Barry from his uncle at the Springs, saying—um, ah, yes; here's a postal card for Harry Barry, and that's all."

"Thanks," said the other briefly, as he bestowed the mail matter in his various pockets and turned away.

Now Simeon Carter's leathern face was pressed to the window. "There might be a letter for you, young feller," he insinuated, only I don't happen to know your name."

"I'm not looking for a letter," said the other imperturbably. "I never get any letters."

The postmaster's face reddened angrily. "Think you'll string me, eh? 'Spose you'd rather go without your letter than tell your name."

"I don't mind telling my name," said the other cowboy carelessly, "only you did n't ask me outright. Ask me plumb out and I'll tell you. Fair and square is my method."

Simeon swallowed his indignation and grinned back at the handsome youth. "What's your name, young man?" he asked bluntly.

"Timothy Lewis," said the other promptly.

"Well, that does beat the bugs!" chuckled the postmaster. "Here's your letter, Mr. Tim Lewis, and a big fat one it is, too." He shoved a large, square manila envelope through the opening, and the other glanced at it curiously and thrust it in an inside pocket.

Arrived at the ranch office he gave the mail into the hands of Mr. Clintock and went on to the bunk house.

There was no doubt about the matter. The envelope was addressed in a feminine hand to "Mr. Tim Lewis, care the Lone Bull Ranch, Saltpeter Springs, Mont." The postmark was Sioux City.

Timothy drew out his knife and slipped the blade under the flap. Inside was something wrapped in white tissue paper.

With wondering curiosity, Timothy



unfolded the wrapping and disclosed a photograph—the picture of the prettiest girl he had ever seen.

Yet she was an utter stranger to Timothy Lewis.

Across the bottom of the picture a few words were penned in the same handwriting, only here the “J” was unmistakable: “To Jim, with Nell’s love.” That “Jim” proved the owner of the picture to be Jim Lewis, who was doubtless waiting impatiently below for his weekly budget of mail. A slim allotment was his this time—a folded newspaper; that was all.

He propped the picture on his shelf and studied it, closely. She was the sweetest— He stopped and drew a sharp, pained breath. Of what was he thinking? There was every evidence that this girl was Jim Lewis’ sweetheart. Was it not well known that that gentleman was economizing on tobacco in an endeavor to raise the price of a marriage license? And so this was the girl!

There would have to be explanations, of course, and possibly Jim Lewis might take offense because Tim had opened the letter. Nevertheless, it was up to the postmaster at Saltpeter Canyon. Timothy shrugged his shoulders, and tucked the picture away in his breast pocket. He would await a favorable opportunity before presenting it to its rightful owner.

At the supper table they were scoffing at Jim Lewis’ use of cheap tobacco. Harry Barry was passing around his handsome new Stetson with all the solemnity of a deacon passing the contribution plate.

“For Jim’s marriage license,” explained Mr. Barry, as he poked the hat under Timothy’s nose. “We’re all doped with that brand of herbs he’s

smoking. Get back to the Broncho brand, Jimmy. We’ll raise the money for the wedding.”

Timothy frowned a little as he thought of the face pressed against his heart, but tact required that a contribution be made, so with what grace he could muster he dropped a handful of cigarettes in the hat and went on with his supper.

Jim Lewis was growling over his newspaper. “I’ll eat old Simeon alive if he’s keeping back any more of my letters.”

“Heard anything more about that Tim and Jim letter?” asked Crane from behind his coffee cup.

“Nary. Maybe it’s because I haven’t been near the old scalawag for ten days. I’ve thrashed it out with him for the last time. I feel pretty biling mad tonight, and I’ve got a mind to go over and thrash him good and plenty,” said Mr. Lewis, savagely.

“We might go over and wipe out the hull place, take your letter and git,” suggested Harry Barry, eagerly. “It’s mighty dull nowadays. I feel like I could lick a regiment.”

“I’ll attend to my own licking,” observed Jim dryly. “When I go to hunt down a weazened old scalawag like Simeon Carter, I guess I ain’t feeling so poorly that I have to take along six picked men, a battery of machine guns and an airyplane scout to help me out. Nixey. That is to be a duet—just Simeon and me, and me coming home with the letter which he says is not for me.”

In this mood Mr. Lewis was not to be trifled with, and one by one the men dropped away to indulge in a quiet game of poker near the glowing stove.

Timothy Lewis resolved to postpone his interview with his comrade until morning had brought the gloomy one to

a more amiable frame of mind. Incidentally, Timothy could have another look at the picture, which he hesitated to surrender.

Toward morning he was awakened by a touch on his shoulder, and he started up to find Jim Lewis sitting on the edge of his bed in a flood of moonlight.

"Well," said Timothy sharply, "what's wanted?"

Lewis crossed one leg over the other and pulled reflectively at his mustache. "I just been over to Saltpeter Canyon and licked that postmaster. On the side I've rifled the United States mail, and I'm liable for most anything, and when it was all over but the shouting, old Simeon barks out he'd give the letter to Mr. Tim Lewis, which is you, I believe." Mr. Lewis' voice was dangerously silky.

"That's my name," snapped Timothy, now wide awake. "That letter was given to me by mistake. It surely was addressed so it looked like 'Tim,' and I opened it. Of course, as soon as I saw what it was I knew it was n't for me. I was going to give it to you in the morning."

"Honest?" demanded Jim Lewis.

"Yes," returned Timothy, quietly, and such was his reputation among his comrades that his word was never doubted. Jim Lewis held out his hand, and Timothy reached under his pillow and drew out the letter. "Here it is," he said.

"You're taking pretty good care of it," commended Jim Lewis, as he peered curiously in the end of the letter and then drew forth the photograph. He held it to the moonlight and stared and stared again at the face. Then he scanned the superscription on the envelope. "Well, I'll be hanged if it is n't little Nell! Of course I thought it must be from Lulu!" The disappointment in

his tone emboldened Timothy to ask a question.

"Who is Nell?" he asked bluntly.

"My sister," said Jim Lewis, proudly. "She teaches school in Sioux City, and she's the purtiest girl out—except Lulu Gilbert—of course, always except the future Mrs. Lewis." He tucked the picture away in his pocket and seemed smitten with some happy thought, for he asked suddenly: "What'd you have it under your pillow for? Now, that's pretty good, Tim. Don't you blow to the chaps about my end, and I'll keep it dark about your blushing over Nell's picture. What say?"

"Agreed!" said Timothy, promptly. "And I say, Jim, the next time you go to Sioux City will you take me along?"

"Sure thing. I'm going to marry Lulu there in about two weeks, so you can go along and be best man. It's to be done in style. If you ever call me brother-in-law, Tim Lewis, you can thank that old scalawag at the post-office."

"Scalawag!" breathed Timothy, fervently. "The only name that's good enough for Simeon Carter is Cupid, postmaster!"—By Clarissa Mackie, *Journal of Industry*.

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### Government Ownership.

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The gover'mintal train came in; I boarded it fer town; Pulled out me ticket (a postage stamp) and went and set me down.

The gover'mint conductor came; he jabbed me an' says "Tush! Jest pull that dirty boot o' yours down off the gover'mint plush."

"The gover'mint be dammed," sez I, "I'll up and crack ye in the eye."

"Not one more word," the feller said.

"Jist for yer own protection  
I warn ye I'm the gover'mint; don't  
start no insurrection.

Lay down your arms, pull down your  
feet, and I'll cancel yer postage due;  
For the old U. S. is the goods I guess,  
and Sam'l will carry you through."

"Yer Uncle Sam go hang," sez I;  
"There's a gover'mint cinder in me  
eye."

The gover'mint peanut butcher then  
came strollin' thro' the car,  
I give him a dollar and took from his  
box a gover'mint cigar.

He handed me back my chicken feed; I  
poked him in the slot,  
For the gover'mint short-changed me,  
and I would n't stand for that.

I pasted him one beside the head,  
"Secession!" and "Treason!" the lob-  
ster said.

The gover'mint con. came running back  
and me he tried to nab,  
He signalled then with the bell cord to  
the statesman in the cab.

The gover'mint brakes went on at  
once; the wheels of State were  
stopped;

Then the whole gover'mint piled on me  
and the floor they quickly mopped.  
They brought me into the Union again,  
But it gives me joy to state  
That the gover'mint pulled into Argen-  
tine

An hour and a quarter late.

—Kansas City Times.

### An Engineer's Prayer.

"O Lord, now that I have flagged  
Thee, lift up my feet from the rough  
road of life and plant them safely on  
the deck of the train of salvation. Let

me use the safety lamp, known as pru-  
dence, make all couplings in the train  
with the strong link of Thy love, and  
let my hand lamp be the Bible. And,  
Heavenly Father, keep all switches  
closed that lead off on sidings, especial-  
ly those with a blind end. O Lord, if  
it be Thy pleasure, have every sema-  
phore block along the line show the  
white light of hope that I may make the  
run of life without stopping. And,  
Lord, give us the Ten Commandments  
for a schedule; and when I have fin-  
ished the run on schedule time, pulled  
into the dark station of death, may  
Thou, the superintendent of the uni-  
verse, say, 'Well done, thou good and  
faithful servant; come and sign the pay-  
roll and receive your check for eternal  
happiness.' "

### State Committee Chairman.

Last Tuesday at a meeting of the  
State Committee of the Y. M. C. A. of  
New Hampshire, the president of the  
Manchester Association was elected  
chairman. The State Committee is cer-  
tainly to be congratulated on their  
choice, for Judge Branch will make  
them a good man. Mr. J. M. Russell of  
Somersworth was elected vice-chair-  
man, J. E. Fernald of Concord, treas-  
urer, and Robert Merrill of Concord,  
clerk. These men took up the duties of  
their office immediately.

### Appropriate.

"Some people are humorous without  
even knowing it."

"As when, for instance?"

"Here's a man advertises a lecture on  
'The Panama Canal,' illustrated with  
slides."—Chicago Herald.

# BOSTON & MAINE RAILROAD MEN,

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE  
RAILROAD DEP'T Y. M. C. A.,  
CONCORD, N. H.

SUBSCRIPTION, 25 CENTS PER ANNUM

Entered as second class mail, July 26, 1904, at  
the Post Office at Concord, N. H.

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## Local Items of Interest.

The fine get-together spirit that is growing by leaps and bounds in our city, especially in things pertaining to religious work, was given a mighty boost by the series of meetings held under the leadership of Albert J. Saunders, of Scranton. Coupled with this as further evidence of the fact that the Holy Spirit is working mightily in the hearts of men and women of our community, is the response made in the series of cottage meetings. The revival is already on, and men and women are checking up to see whether they are doing things that are worth while, and whether they stand for things worth while in the community. The test that is coming during the next few weeks will be whether or not we are measuring up to the standards set for us by our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. Let us not attempt to dodge the issue when it is put fairly and squarely before us, but let's meet it like men, even though it means cutting out of our lives

a few pet theories and sins that have made of us merely half-way men.

Mr. John F. Webster has recovered sufficiently from his recent illness, to be able to go to Atlantic City for a brief period of rest.

Conductor Warren H. Ring met with a painful accident recently at his home in East Concord, by falling down stairs and breaking the bones of his wrist.

Mr. Robert Dyment, who for three years previous to last September filled the position of night clerk of this Association, passed away at his home on Depot Street. Mr. Dyment had been confined to his bed most of the time since he left the Association last fall. A beautiful floral piece was given by the railroad boys who had known Mr. Dyment while in the employ of the Association.

Thanks to the coöperation of the men interested, we were able to meet our membership budget for the year. Our financial year closed March 31st, and the following list of new members and renewals enabled us to get the amount scheduled from that source in our budget:

A. J. Sullivan,	J. F. Roderick,
M. L. Clement,	A. A. Young,
R. B. Knox,	H. B. Rantz,
W. C. Keyes,	R. J. Wynn,
F. G. McClintock,	J. Dennen,
J. P. Hurley,	A. T. Barker,
T. F. Keefe,	C. H. Evans,
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M. A. Bisbee,	A. R. Cate,
J. D. Byrne,	S. H. Abell,
G. E. Buckley,	J. E. Prescott,
G. B. Lyna,	L. H. Smith,
H. L. Harvey,	G. O. Bertin,

J. F. McCann,	P. O. Cappola,
T. P. Leary,	Thomas Bell,
O. J. Tyron,	W. E. Gordon,
J. Longstaff,	C. E. Taylor,
A. B. Thomas,	F. E. Mello,
F. A. Cross,	E. F. Moore,
E. D. Nyman, Jr.,	A. W. Carter,
L. P. Boisvert,	H. P. York,
R. F. Spaulding,	C. H. Taylor,
C. F. Ames,	F. A. Carr,
K. A. Proctor,	Clinton Derby,
M. E. Boon,	Frank Vinton,
E. C. Wilson,	A. R. Choate,
J. F. McDonald,	C. W. Banfield,
J. M. Duff,	T. C. Dalton,
C. A. Bero,	I. E. Brown,
F. A. Woodward,	P. Falzarano,
R. M. Wheeler,	L. H. Harriman,
R. A. Lobdell,	J. Gesner,
F. A. Palmer,	E. Gullage.

Harry Cook, a former passenger conductor, has succeeded R. C. Damon as assistant claim agent at Concord.

Charles M. Norris, the veteran mail porter and St. Patrick, both celebrated March 17, but for different reasons. Charles had not seen snakes, his was the thirtieth anniversary of his employment with the railroad company.

The timekeepers are taking advantage of the present prosperity and Mr. Harold Fitzgerald is receiving numerous applications for his personally conducted tours to neighboring cities. From all accounts these trips are educational, mirth-provoking, and have just enough of outdoor athletics to make them invigorating. The athletic feature is a novelty. The whole party took a "dash" or rather a run up Elm Street after a snow-plow and then dashed back again to find it was Nashua. Vocal selections followed.

The annual meeting of the Association comes this month, at which time the reports for the year will be made, and the committees for the coming year reappointed. The annual meeting of the Auxiliary will be held during April as well.

It is perfectly proper for "Con" and "Warren" to give the boys an outing, nevertheless we suspect that the real reason was that the "dads" wanted to drop the hook themselves.

The annual state checker tournament will be held in the Railroad Association building Thursday, April 27th. All checker and chess enthusiasts are invited to take part.

Want any eggs? See J. B.

John F. Webster, assistant treasurer, is slowly recovering from his recent illness and is at Atlantic City taking a much needed rest.

Operator Bedell succeeds E. G. Walker at the yard office.

The station fire was a close call, but for timely action of the fire department in checking the conflagration before it got a start in the attic, Concord would have probably lost her fine station.

Some "ginger" in that party at Bretton Inn, Goffstown, but why was "Larry" so quiet? If "Hutch" had not rocked the boat perhaps George would not have lost his lunch.

The assistant paymaster is temporarily occupying the quarters of C. E. Leavitt, district freight agent.

We hear now that our esteemed time clerk, Mr. George Burke, is going to give up his overtime, and it was quite a mystery until the real truth of the matter leaked out, the facts as known at present being as follows: Georgie

has got the idea into his head that with his lithe figure he will make some exhibition dancer. Some say that this idea was instigated by our old friend "Hutch," who has been trying to break "Bill," alias "Neal," into society, but "Bill" says, "It don't take." Now we may expect any day to see George one-stepping up and down the corridor with a broom or anything else that might be used as a partner, and all the boys will miss his smiling countenance in Room No. — evenings. Anyway, we wish George luck in his new endeavor and can assure him that when he makes his debut as an exhibition dancer all the boys will be there with the glad hand, including Nat, Bob, and Col. Mason.

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### Shop Notes.

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H. C. Anderson has given up his position as clerk in the general foreman's office and has accepted a place with the New England Telephone Company. Floyd Smith is "Andy's" successor.

The Valuation Department, consisting of R. W. Band, for the company, and H. F. Campbell, for the Interstate Commerce Commission, have completed their joint inventory of Concord shop and are now finishing up points south. Mr. Campbell is now considerably nearer Washington (via Philadelphia).

Anyone wishing to know where fish may be caught (?) without cutting a hole through twenty inches of ice, should see P. J. Parmenter. If he does n't remember, ask F. G. Hatch.

It's nip and tuck in the Bowling League these days. Welch of the Blacksmiths is rolling in some form and Kendall of the Clerks is close second,

barring subways. Present indications point to a close finish.

Waldo Jones is feeling greatly encouraged about his hens, as he is receiving an average of one and a half eggs per day, that is, every other day. His motto for the summer season now at hand is, "Watch my chickens grow."

The gentle and esthetic art of pocket billiards still holds sway hereabouts and Foreman Silva is getting in good trim for the tournament.

Al Saunders with his straight-out gospel message moved every man who heard him at the machine and cab shop meetings, to a deeper conviction of Christ's place in a man's life. More than one fellow is making a winning fight as the result of these meetings.

Joseph Brawn is back on the job for the Stores Department and has the wishes of all present that his six weeks lay-off on account of rheumatism is all for this winter and many to come.

Ralph Spinney, one of our popular young machinists, has left the shop to enter the government employ at Portsmouth navy yard, where he commenced work March 6th. Ralph should not be lonesome in the seaport town with "Andy" Leary, "Barney" and "Ted" Ferrin to help him do the sights.

Joseph Manning attended the Boston auto show on the opening day. He is interested in "trucks."

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### Motive Power Department Notes.

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Mr. Ira Sanborn is out after a long illness and expects to return to his work soon.

Mr. George Tewksbury has purchased another valuable addition to his stock farm, and may be seen every pleasant morning on the East Concord boulevard with his coachman, Jim Houston, on the driver's seat.

The interest in the Noon Checker Club is increasing and Shattuck, under the able coaching of Prof. Powell, is leading Roberts of the Blacksmith Shop by one draw.

A prolonged whistle from the direction of the shop apparently caused Tim Lasson to hustle Harper Giles and several members of the fire department to the hose house only to discover on their arrival that a through freight held up at the tower was responsible for the alarm. Some department, Chief Farrar.

### Things That Never Happen.

To be able to find "Fitzie" at his desk.

"Proctor" fixing up a party that don't fall through.

"Hutch" missing a "good one" in the station.

George Burke omitting the mention of the fair sex in his conversation.

"Larry" forgetting the "Mexican Athlete" stunt.

"Bloss" neglecting to light "that pipe."

"Camp" getting in before 8 bells.

"George Chase" telling a funny story.

"Neal" simply listening.

"Frank" being seen in the hall without being nailed about "That claim of mine."

### Association News.

The Pennsylvania has given \$5,000.00 toward a \$14,000.00 building at Bellwood, Pa.

The Erie has given \$1,666.66 to furnish the fourth floor of the building at Port Jarvis, N. Y.

A \$4,000.00 addition has been made to the Gladstone, Va., building, and the C. & O. has given the old part of the building a new coat of paint as well.

Thirty-three young men have been led to accept the Christian life through the influence of the Men's Bible class of the Richmond Railroad Association.

The B. of L. E. held a four-days' session at the St. Louis Railroad Association building. They were led to feel that they were always welcome within the walls of the Association.

Plans are under way for the inauguration of a ten-day, simultaneous International Membership Campaign for the enrollment of at least 30,000 new members in the Railroad Young Men's Christian Association within a given ten days. The campaign will probably take place this coming November. The next issue of *Railroad Association Magazine* will give detailed information regarding this proposed campaign, and the September number will be given largely to suggestions related to this, the greatest membership campaign in the history of the Brotherhood.

The Richmond Railroad Association at a recent meeting addressed by Mr. Brockman, Dr. Munn, and Mr. Moore, made provision for a national railroad secretary for China, for a period of four years. *Railroad Association Men* ex-

presses their appreciation in a recent number to President George W. Stevens of the C. & O. Railway, Mr. Thomas Wilson, one of the leading bankers of that city, and Secretary S. L. Thomas.

If you have n't read *Collier's Weekly* for February 19th, get a copy and read the article entitled "Booze and the Railroad." Edward Hungerford tells of the winning fight the railroads are making against the enemy of all humanity. More Railroad Associations and less saloons is one of the primary "Safety First" slogans that needs to be put into force.

At the next international convention that is to be held in Cleveland early in May, one of the events of interest will be the celebration of the founding of the first Railroad Association of North America in that city, some fifty years ago. Since that time the Association has put into operation practically 250 branches at railroad points in North America, and has outposts in Manchuria, Korea, Japan, and India. In its enrolled membership are approximately 90,000 railroad men, with property entrusted to its care of nearly \$6,000,000, and an employed force of more than 500 secretaries and assistant secretaries. This growth is concrete evidence that the great principle for which the Association stands, coupled with unselfish service for the good of the men, will win.

We are glad to see the likeness of Archie Morgan, former employee of the Boston & Maine, and later assistant secretary of this branch, in the Santa

Fé number of *Railroad Association Men*. Mr. Morgan did a fine piece of work on the Canadian Pacific, and is now in charge of the Association at Pueblo, Colorado.

Some of the best deputation work done during the last year has been carried on by teams sent out to the smaller towns from Dartmouth College. Sixty men have been sent out, and 10,800 people have been reached during the winter season. The men are not paid for their trips, the only expense to the communities being railroad fare and entertainment.

A postal received recently announced the opening of Chicago's \$1,350,000 "Y. M. C. A. Hotel," on June 1st. There will be 1,800 rooms, at 30 to 50 cents per day. Hunt it up when you visit Chicago this summer.

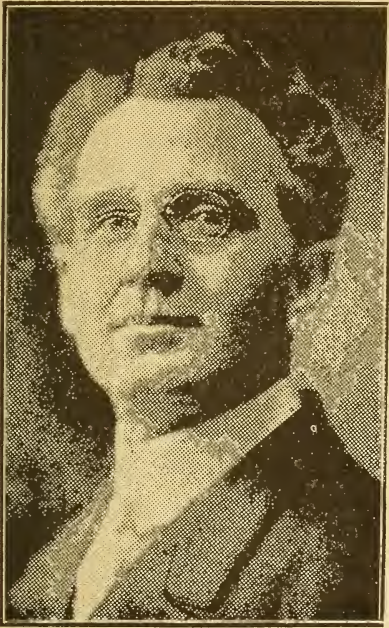
The Thirty-Ninth International Convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations of North America will assemble at Cleveland, Ohio, Friday, May 12th, 1916, and will continue in session until Tuesday afternoon, May 16th.

One thousand, eight hundred seventeen persons united with the thirteen Methodist churches of Trenton, 457 in one church, and over 200 men in one Bible class, as a result of Billy Sunday meetings.

The United States government, after deciding to build the Alaskan Railroad, invited the Railroad Department of the Y. M. C. A. to take charge of the welfare work. Mr. O. H. Kenyon is to be the first secretary, and will leave for the field early this month.



## Evangelistic Campaign.



REV. MILTON S. REES, D. D.

Concord is to be favored with a union evangelistic campaign under the leadership of Dr. and Mrs. Milton S. Rees of Rochester, N. Y. The meetings began on Wednesday, April 12th. The First and South Congregational, the First Baptist, the Pleasant Street Baptist, the Curtis Memorial Free-Will Baptist, the First Methodist, the Baker Memorial Methodist, the Advent Christian churches, and the City and Railroad Department of the Y. M. C. A. are coöperating. About a hundred and fifty men and women are actively at work on the various committees in preparation for the campaign.

A very deep interest in these meetings is manifested by the churches and the citizens of Concord in general. This interest is so marked that it indicates the certainty of a work of abiding value to Concord.

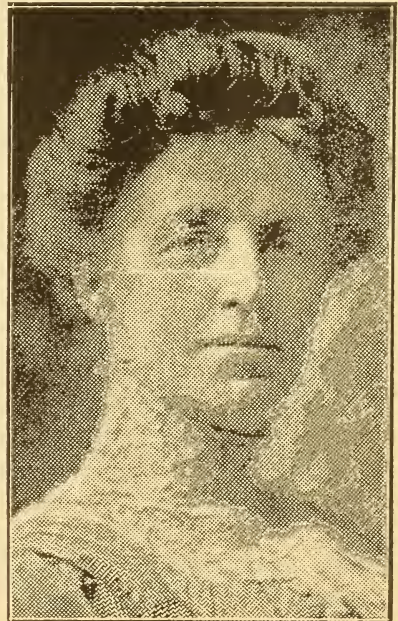
Dr. Rees has been engaged in evangelistic work for more than twenty years, and the results everywhere have com-

manded the warmest approval. He has recently conducted campaigns in Boston and Dorchester, Malone, N. Y., Port Jervis, N. Y., Danbury, Conn., and Greenfield, Mass., and has just closed a great campaign which has been most fruitful in results in Detroit, Mich. He will direct the united churches in the Concord campaign. Mrs. Rees will have charge of the music at all the services and will lead the large union choir.

The following letters have just been received from men who have come in touch with Dr. Rees in recent campaigns.

A layman writes: "You ought to have heard the testimony at our prayer-meeting last night of a man who has been fighting booze all his life, but has held true since his conversion (now about six months) during Dr. Rees' meetings."

Another letter from a pastor, who says: "You have the right man to stir Concord. Dr. Rees is strong all around, as a preacher, socially, and as an organizer and executive. I think he will move the city of Concord."



MRS. MILTON S. REES.

“William Vogel.”

The man at the library table laid down the small volume he had been reading and looked at his watch.

“By George,” he muttered, “one o’clock. That’s certainly a queer book. Let me see—what was it he said about dual personality?” He picked up the volume and turned back a few pages. “Here it is.” He held the book under the light of the student lamp and slowly read a paragraph.

“The normal man has a double personality. There is himself as his friends know him. This is the actual man to outward appearances. Then there is the man the man knows—the man of the actual man’s imagination—the man of his dreams—the man he would like to be—the man he envies. If the actual man be mild and irresolute, the man of his dreams is bold and firm. If the actual man be timid, the dream man is heroic. If the actual man be bold and resolute he will create a creature who possesses the milder virtues he lacks. Can this dream ideal be crystallized into something real; can it be molded into the character of the actual man? Can the actual man so consecrate his thoughts upon this double that he can bid it step from the gilded frame of fantasy and then amalgamate it with himself—rounding out his personality and filling in his deficiencies? I say yes. I bid the actual man experiment with his double. Try it on some small detail. Do as the other man would do. Try it.”

The reader laid down the book.

“That’s queer stuff,” he muttered. He looked at the title page, “Dualities, by William Vogel, eh?” He closed the book. “You are an adept at writing nonsense, William,” he said. “Of course, I know the man you mean. You

are right about that. I know I’m mild and irresolute and he’s bold and firm. I’ve thought about him a good deal. I’ll admit I envy him and often wish I had some of his courage. Now that you tell me that there is something substantial about him, William Vogel—which is foolish, of course—I’m going to honor you by giving him your name.” The man suddenly laughed and was about to turn down the light when he paused and picking up the book took it to the bookcase and dropped it behind a row of books. “I don’t care to have Angie bothered by your philosophy, William,” he said. He paused a moment by the table. He was a slender man of medium height, a man of forty, light haired and pleasant faced.

He turned out the lamp and went to bed.

At the breakfast table the next morning he looked across at his dark-haired little wife.

“I’m still in quandary, my dear,” he said, as he put down his coffee cup.

“Over that Edwards tract?”

“Yes, my dear. I don’t know what to do about it. I wish I had more confidence in myself. I’m so shamefully irresolute.”

The little wife shook her head at him.

“Now, John Sinclair,” she said, “you must n’t worry. It upsets you. Let the tract go.”

He arose from the table.

“I’m going to consult William Vogel about it,” he suddenly said.

“Who is William Vogel?”

“He’s the man on my floor in the same line of business.”

“Well, don’t be rash.”

“Rash!” repeated John Sinclair, almost bitterly. “I never was rash in my life. Goodby, dear.”

When he came home to dinner the

watchful little wife saw that his face was flushed and his eyes shining.

"What is it, dear?"

"I'm pleased over a little incident that happened on the elevator in our building to-night," he answered. "The elevator man is a surly fellow, big and bull-doing, and everybody has seemed afraid of him. But I had William Vogel with me in the car when the big brute growled something impudent to a little typewriter girl who got on at the tenth floor, William opened up on him hot and heavy. I never heard a more peppery dressing down. The fellow took it like a whipped puppy. And say, you never saw a man more pleased than William Vogel was when the little typewriter girl, with tears in her eyes, thanked him for protecting her."

His wife looked at him curiously.

"You seem to think highly of this Mr. Vogel," she said.

"I've admired him for a considerable time," John Sinclair replied, and his face suddenly flushed. "To-morrow he is going to hear all about that Edwards tract."

"Do you have so much confidence in him, John?"

He suddenly smiled.

"I don't know him very well yet," he said, "but I'm sure I'm going to like him."

That night after his wife had retired, John Sinclair brought out the little volume and looked it over.

"I think better of you to-night, Herr Vogel," he said in a low murmur. "I think so well of you and your dualities that I'm going to test you still further."

And he laughed and hid the book and went to bed.

The next day he was busy at his desk when a dark little man with stooping shoulders entered the room.

"How do you do, Mister Sinclair?" he said with a strong foreign accent.

John Sinclair looked up and the little man bowed low.

"Hullo," said John. "You here again? What's wrong?"

"Nothing is wrong, Mister Sinclair, sir. I drop in when I am so near. It is for the greeting. I hope you are healthy, Mister Sinclair, sir."

"I am quite well, thank you."

"You were so kind when the payment on the house was not to the day settled that I am pleased to give you the little book—with the money for which you so kindly wait. Did you like the little book?"

The dark man looked at John Sinclair expectantly, with his head very much on one side.

"It's a curious little book," John replied.

"It iss a wise little book," said the caller. "I am Galician, Herr Wilhelm Vogel is Prussian. But he iss known of Galicia. At Novitzburg there was a sick Englisher. He liked Herr Vogel's book. He said: 'I will write it into English and have it printed into English. It iss a wise book.' So he wrote it into English and it was in the print shop and on the press when the fire broke out—such a fierce fire—and the what you call sheets were burned, only two of the sets escaping. And the one is mine which now iss yours. And the other iss in the big library by Novitzburg—for the Englisher is dead."

He had spoken quite rapidly and with many gestures. Now he suddenly paused and again looked expectantly at John Sinclair.

"I thank you," said the latter. "The book is interesting."

"Read it again, Mister Sinclair, sir. You find it helps you. Vogel knows. I

wish you well, Mister Sinclair."

But he was back again in a moment.

"Keep it to yourself, Mister Sinclair, sir. It iss not well to have a wise book for everybody. It iss for you, Mister Sinclair. I wish you well."

John Sinclair stared at the open doorway, but this time the little man did not come back. John suddenly laughed.

"It appears that I possess half of the book. Only two copies are known to be in existence, and both can be traced."

He laughed again and returned to his work.

That night his face beamed upon his wife as she opened the front door.

"A little late, my pet," he said, as he fondly kissed her, "but you will excuse the delay when I tell you what caused it. Really, it's too good to keep. I must tell you now."

"But the supper, John."

"The supper can wait."

The little wife stared at him.

"Why, I hardly know you, John, dear. You seem taller and bigger. And you speak so commandingly. What has happened to you, dear John?"

He flung down his hat and outer coat.

"I'm elated, dear. I'm drunk on the elixir of good fortune. I'm on very good terms with myself. That's the explanation."

The little wife looked at him anxiously.

"Sit down, dear," she said. "I'm afraid you are not well. You look feverish."

"It's the gold fever, my dear girl," he laughingly cried. "I've bought the Edwards tract."

Her eyes opened wider.

"But I thought that would make you very serious—it meant such a heavy burden."

"Do I look serious?"

"No, John."

"Am I bending beneath a heavy burden?"

"I never saw you stand so straight, dear; but I don't like the way your eyes glitter."

"They're justified in glittering, my dear. Sit down and stop looking scared. I'm going to tell you in words of one syllable, as far as possible, all about it."

She sat beside him and smoothed his forehead gently with her little hand.

"It's very hot, dear."

"You fussy little woman," he cried, and gave her a bearlike hug. "You can't look upon me in any other light than as a child that needs coddling, can you? Never mind. There's a story to tell and a dinner to be eaten. And there'll be no dinner until the story is told." He paused and suddenly chuckled and the round eyes that anxiously watched him grew bigger. "You know how that Edwards tract has worried me. Well, I put the whole case up to William Vogel this morning. William Vogel did n't hesitate. William, you understand, is bold and resolute. I am slow and timid. We wrangled there all alone by ourselves and William won. 'Buy at once,' said William. I still hung back in my irresolute way. 'At once,' cried William. I had the option on the tract and the other papers in my desk. I rushed out—imagine me rushing—but William was there to hurry me on. I had the papers and a certified check—it cleaned out my bank balance—at old Garlington's office at two o'clock, and fifteen minutes later the tract was mine. There!"

She looked at him with a loving smile.

"I'm glad you've bought it, John, but you must n't let it worry you."

He shook her playfully.

"No more of that, Angie. Why should n't I be worried? Am I something precious that must be kept in jeweler's cotton? I'm going to worry all I want to worry. It's good for me. The man who never worries is like a torpid snake—no action; nothing but digestion."

He laughed loudly at her astonished face.

"You—you have n't been drinking, have you, John?"

"Nothing but a little invigorator that William Vogel gave me. No, no, I'm all right. And I'm certainly not going to worry about that Edwards tract—because I've sold it."

"Sold it, John?"

"Sold it to the Clemons Realty Company. They bought it within an hour after it came into my keeping. They had hesitated just as I did. When it was sold they knew they must have it. They offered me \$2,000 bonus. I demanded \$5,000."

"Five thousand, John?"

"Yes. Think of it. If it had n't been for William Vogel I would have been glad to let the whole thing go for the \$2,000. And say, Angie, I got the \$5,000. Five thousand good hard dollars made in one short hour! Have n't my eyes a right to glitter?" He suddenly caught her up and waltzed about the room with her.

She stopped, half laughing, half crying, to catch her breath.

"And Mr. Vogel's commission, John; how much will that be?"

"I'll fix William Vogel all right," he said. "William will be very reasonable. I'm going to give him a good dinner for one thing. Come along."

And he playfully dragged the little woman to the waiting table.

That evening John Sinclair—his wife

had stepped out of the room—playfully shook his fist at the row of books behind which the little volume was concealed.

"I take it all back, William," he said. "You're a brick."

The next afternoon John Sinclair came home early and went house hunting with the little wife. They had long talked of moving, and now the sudden accession of wealth decided them to lose no time.

"Funny thing happened to-day, my dear," said John after they alighted from the car in the East End. "I attended a noon meeting of the real estate board—I'm a pretty regular attendant, anyway—and intended to be quiet, as usual. But there were some things that happened during the session—there is an intense rivalry on between the Thompson and Jaffray factions—both Thompson and Jaffray want the presidency—and it irritated me to get up and say something. I did n't hesitate. I noticed that everybody looked surprised, but that did n't seem to scare me. I know I went at them hammer and tongs. I had to say some things that were not at all pleasant, but I said them with all the earnestness there was in me. And say, when I stopped for breath there was a general cry of 'Go on, go on!' Well, I went on and kept up steam to the bitter end. And when I finished there was a whole lot of noise, and Jim Billings—I thought he never liked me—came up and shook my hand and said, 'Good for you, John—that's the kind of stuff we want—and why have n't we heard from you before?' And then a good many of the members came up and said it was a fine talk and a lot more pleasant things, and I held quite a reception." The little wife's eyes were shining with pleasure.

"That's fine," she cried, "But only think of your making a speech like that?"

John did n't smile.

"That is n't all," he said. "At two o'clock Jim Billings called me up. 'John,' he said, 'we are going to end this petty war of the board. I've got Thompson and Jaffray here in my office and some of the other boys, and we've agreed that we must have a compromise candidate for president, and you're the unanimous choice. It's all settled, you understand, and I've merely called you up on behalf of the crowd to congratulate you. Good-by.'"

He looked at the little woman.

"I—I'm awfully proud of you, dear," she stammered, and her eyes filled with happy tears.

He suddenly laughed.

"Don't forget the credit that's due to William Vogel," he said, and laughed again.

Two nights later John Sinclair came home an hour after his usual time, and the little wife met him with a worried face. When he finally appeared he had his left hand and an arm carefully bandaged.

"There, there, little woman," he hastily cried. "It's all right. Just a slight burn, that's all. I've had it dressed. An accident, yes. How did it happen? Why, William Vogel was—was experimenting along a new line. He's no more to blame than I am. Don't say another word about it. It's William Vogel's affair, you understand. And I'm hungry as a bear."

And that was all there was to it. John said no more about the accident, but otherwise was talkative and cheerful, and the little wife wisely forbore to question him further.

He was in excellent spirits, too, the

next morning when he departed, notwithstanding the bandaged arm.

Soon after he had gone the bell rang and the little wife answered it. A small boy was at the door, a small boy who handed her a bouquet and a letter and then hurried away. And this is what the little wife found in the letter, which was unsealed:

"Dear Lady: I am sending you this because I don't believe your man is the kind that does himself credit when he talks about his doings, and what he told you I don't know, but these flowers are for him, and I wish they were much finer, and this is how it happened. I was careless with the gasoline and my Mamie got too near and was afire in a moment. And when I ran to her I was afire, too. I screamed and your man was passing along the street and heard me cry out and ran in like a flash and beat out the fire and fought it like a crazy man and caught up my Mamie and saw how much she was burned and ran down into the roadway with her and shouted at a passing automobile driver and made him stop and jumped in with Mamie and called to me to follow and away we went for St. James Hospital. A policeman tried to stop us and your man swore at the man something dreadful and held up the child—and we did n't stop. And when we got to the hospital the doctors said we got there just in time and Mamie would live—and they saw how bad your man was burned—he did n't know it, and they fixed him up and he hurried away when I tried to thank him. But one of the doctors knew his name and I'm sending him these flowers because he saved my baby's life, and you're lucky to be the wife of such a good and brave man. Yours respectfully, Hannah Moreland."

## FRANK J. KELLY, Druggist at the South End

We sell the best hand cleanser on the market

Camera Supplies

Handy place for Shopmen to get their Drug Store Goods

That night when John Sinclair came home the little wife gently drew him into the library and, stooping suddenly, kissed the white bandage.

"John, dear," she tremulously said, "you have deceived me shamefully. There is no William Vogel—it's just you."

"Don't take him away from me, dear," cried John, with a queer laugh. "I need him. He's my better part. Spare him. Besides you are wrong. There is a William Vogel."

He hurried to the bookcase and drew out the little volume.

"Here," he cried. "Here is William's godfather, heaven bless him! Read that, my love."

And he laid the precious volume in her hands.—W. R. Rose in *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

### Special Questions to Freight Trainmen.

What is the new freight triple valve called?

How could you tell a K triple?

Would you bleed an auxiliary reservoir for any length of time when the brake is stuck on a car in the train?

When a K triple is in release position and the bleeder valve is open, where does the air come from?

What is the quickest way to get the brake released with the K triple?

On which end of the train does the retarded release feature work?

How many cars back?

What use has the retainer?

How much pressure is retained on the standard retainer?

How much pressure is retained on other cars with the three position retainer?

Which position gives the high pressure and which the low pressure?

When should the high pressure position be used?

If you had a blow at the retainer valve what would you do?

If you turned up the retainer what effect would it have?

Is this apt to cause a broken or slid-flat wheel? Why?

At what particular time is a blow at the retainer apt to show up?

What precaution should be used when descending grades using retainers?

Which end of the train do we start to set them up on? Why?

Which end do we let them off on? Why?

Can you bleed off a brake with the retainer turned up? Why?

If the retainer pipe is broken off, what should be done?

Have you a copy of the Air Brake Rules, 1913 edition?

### Inspectors.

Should care be taken in taking down the slack adjuster cylinder?

When should adjustments be made?

Where would you make this adjustment?

## CONCORD'S AUTHORITATIVE STORE

FOR STYLE, QUALITY AND VALUES  
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— DAVID E. MURPHY —

How brake shoe clearance should be allowed.

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In applying new shoes how can we obtain the necessary slack?

Have you a copy of the Air Brake Rules, 1913 edition?

### The Easiest Way.

"There's a dead horse on Kosciusko street," announced a Brooklyn patrolman, coming into the station after his day on duty.

"Well, make out a report," ordered the sergeant.

"Why, you make out the reports, don't you, sergeant?"

"I don't. Make out your own reports. You've passed your civil service examinations."

Mike equipped himself with pen and began scratching laboriously. Presently the scratching stopped. "Sergeant," he asked, "how d'you spell 'Kosciusko'?"

"G'wan. You're writing that report."

An interval of silence, then: "Sergeant, how do you spell 'Kosciusko Street'?"

"Stop bothering me," the sergeant ordered. "I'm no information bureau."

Pretty soon the patrolman got up, clapped on his helmet and started for the door.

"Where you goin'?" demanded the sergeant.

"I'm goin'," said the policeman, "to drag that dead horse around into Myrtle avenue."

### The Difference.

A story is told of an Irish sailor who decided to walk from Newport to Cardiff. He met a cart driver and asked:

"How far is it from Newport to Cardiff?"

"Twelve miles, mister," was the reply.

"Thankee," said Pat. "An' how far is it from Cardiff to Newport?"

Driver: "Did n't I tell you how far it was from Newport to Cardiff? Do you suppose it is any farther the other way back?"

Irishman: "Sure and I don't know. I know it is a great deal farther from New Year's day to Christmas than from Christmas eve to New Year's day."—  
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